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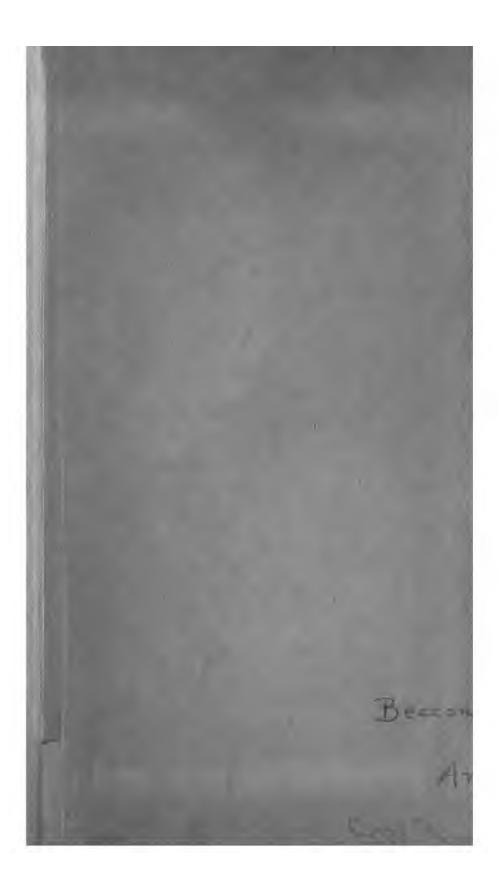
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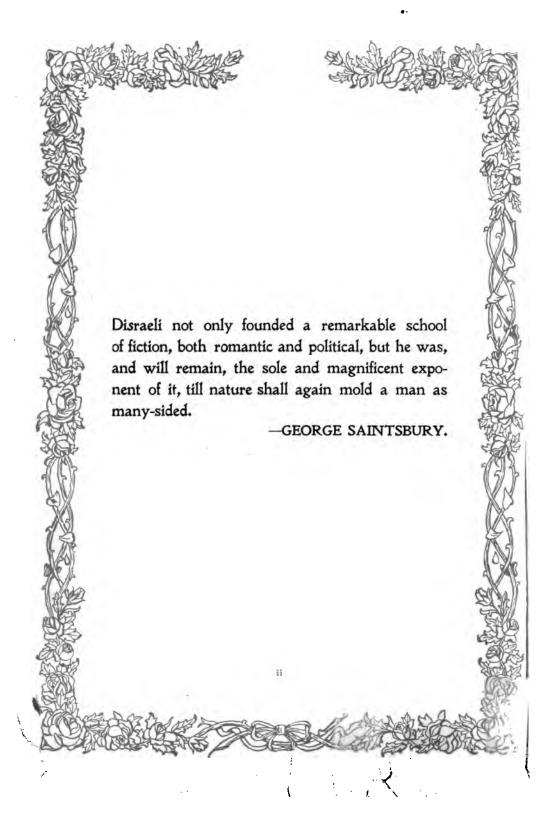
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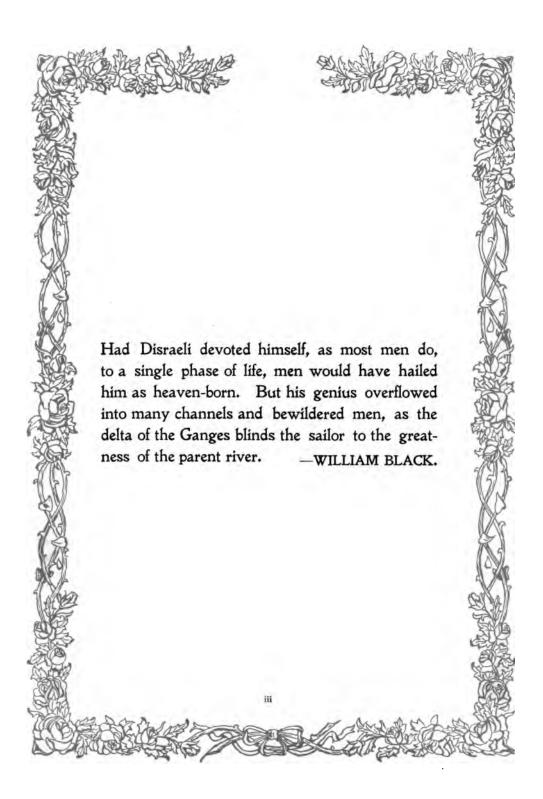
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What manner of man was this Builder of Empires, this last of the Sephardim, Judah's loftiest strain, this Changer of the ancient disadvantage of his race, this Bringer to the nations of Peace unbereft of Honor, this Magician of the pen and voice? In slow but vibrant accents comes the judgment of posterity:

"He was a man who dared to dream of and, still more, to achieve the seemingly impossible."

-ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.











The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.

Keys to the Famous Characters Delineated in his Historical Romances, with Portraits and Biographies, Supplemented by a Critical Appreciation of

LORD BEACONSFIELD

DR. H. PEREIRA MENDES

and Miscellaneous Addenda

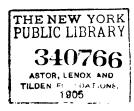
by

ROBERT ARNOT, M.A.



M. WALTER DUNNE

NEW YORK AND LONDON



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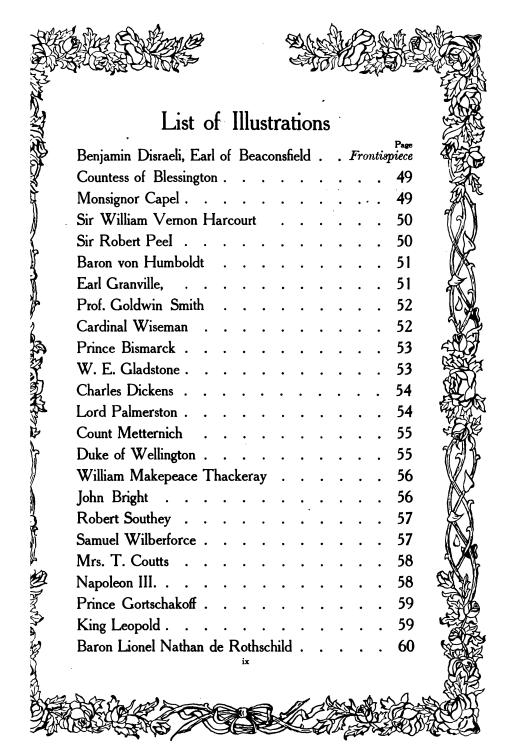




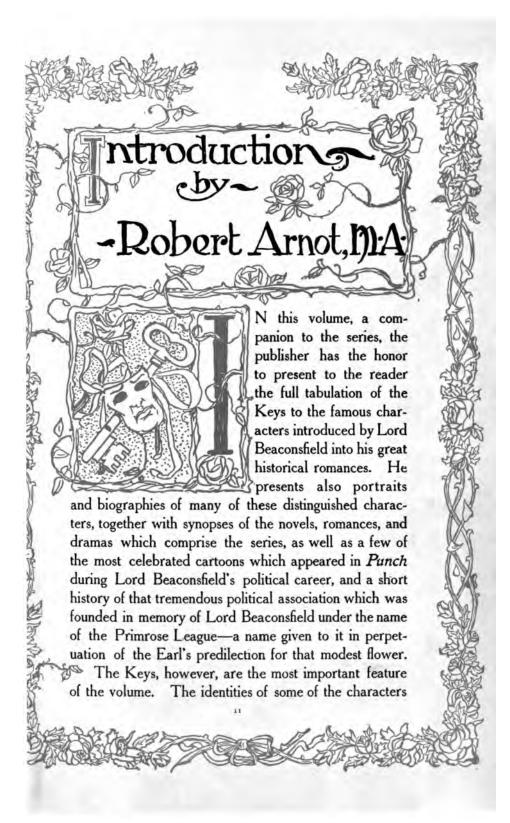
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revealed in these Keys have, from time to time, been guessed at; but never, until Lord Rowton consented to reveal to the publisher the true names of those political and social celebrities introduced by the Earl of Beaconsfield into his novels, has the world been enabled to read, with conscious knowledge of the characters represented, the history of England during that most fateful and momentous era known as the "Victorian Age"—an era of storm and stress, gravid, indeed, with war-clouds, but fraught with universal progress and tremendous growth, in which the central figure for nearly fifty years was the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Of all possible aids to interest in the reading of fiction, not one is so powerful as the identification with some famous personage of the hero or heroine of the book being read. The novel may be without any historical bearing, may be purely imaginative, and may surround the person described with circumstances and place him in localities entirely alien to the facts of his life; yet, given an accurate description of his personal qualities and of his virtues, vices, or foibles, and the book has at once a living and lasting interest, which is purely individual. When, however, to the identification of a person in a novel with a famous character are added faithful descriptions of his environment, conduct, and achievements in life, the novel becomes not only individual, but historical.

Conceive, then, a series of great romances, wherein nearly every character introduced represents some celebrated personage, whose ambitions, deeds, idiosyncrasies, social and political position are dissected with the scalpel of a surgeon—romances whereof the plots are founded



wer during the period of

on the history of a World-Power during the period of the writer, and at once there is before you a guide to the inner political and social history of the epoch dealt with, which none of the ordinary text-books relating to that time could possibly afford.

No supremer test of the power and authority of a writer can be had than the successful accomplishment of such a task. And it is to this test the genius of Lord Beaconsfield—from the time when, as a boy of twenty-two, he dazzled England with "Vivian Grey" to the day when, after a career unequalled in English history, he gave "Endymion" to the world—has made triumphant answer, an answer that time is now confirming, the answer of Immortality.

In the dazzling array of characters that speak and move in Lord Beaconsfield's novels are seen the leaders in every phase of human activity—war and diplomacy, literature and art, politics and theology. The proudest aristocracy in Europe mingle familiarly with the reader. Kings, emperors, statesmen, cardinals, bishops, field-marshals, orators, wits, celebrated beauties, all of whom influenced the making of history in the golden Victorian age—an age of which that builder of empire, Beaconsfield, was the moulder and master-crastsman—pass in review and play their former rôles in these great historical romances.

The students of English history who would learn the secret workings of state and society in the days of Queen Victoria, and who would discover the hidden springs that fed the various currents of events in years of momentous change, can gather from these volumes, led





by one who through his genius, position, and intimate knowledge could speak with supreme authority, all that they seek to know.

It has been remarked on somewhat high authority that the good men do dies with them, and in the case of famous statesmen the remark has, in the majority of instances, been justified.

In the case of Lord Beaconsfield, however, the reverse is true. There exists to-day in England the greatest political organization in this world—an organization founded not alone in honor of his memory, but for the perpetuation of those political principles he gave his life to demonstrate and enforce, namely, the Primrose League, so called from the belief that the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower, a belief founded upon a letter written by him to his secretary, in which he mentioned the primrose.

The League was founded by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill upon the day of the unveiling of Lord Beaconsfield's statue, when all the members of the Conservative party in the House of Commons appeared with primroses in their buttonholes.

From small beginnings the League grew with amazing rapidity into the tremendous political machine it now is. Founded not upon the hope of political preferment or for any adventitious gain, but solely upon the devotion of the British democracy to those imperial principles of foreign and home policy of which Lord Beaconsfield was the great exponent, it stands alone in motive and unselfish in constitution.

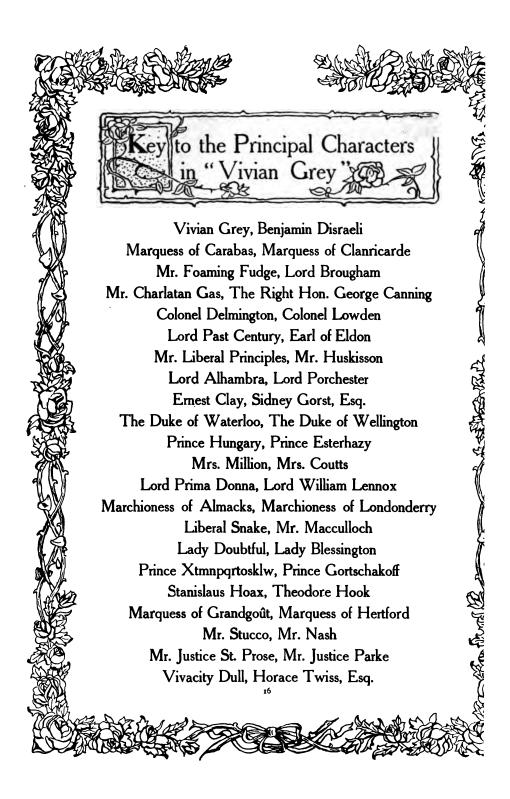
In a letter to the editor, dated from Westminster



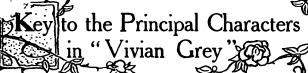
upon June 25, 1904, the Vice-Chancellor of the League, Mr. George Lane Fox, writes as follows: "It is almost impossible to send you a complete list of the members of the Primrose League. Up to last Saturday the records show that we have enrolled 1,676,425 names, and you may take it for granted that every Conservative in England is a working member."

The Marquis of Salisbury, who was Lord Beaconsfield's colleague during the momentous days of the Berlin Conference, was the first Chancellor of the League—an eloquent testimony to the reverence and esteem in which he held the great Prime Minister.

As an ever-living and ever-increasing testimony to the greatness of Lord Beaconsfield's life work, and to the love and reverence borne for him by the country of his adoption, the Primrose League stands and grows to-day. Unique in its formation and character, not a monument of marble, but of flesh and blood, it is the one reward that a man so unseeking of gain and so devoted to his country as was the great Earl would have desired.







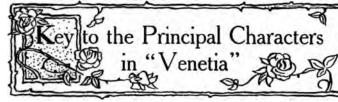
Duke of Juggernaut, Duke of Norfolk
Vivida Vis, J. Wilson Croker, Esq.
Lord Lowersdale, Lord Lonsdale
Lord Manfred, Lord Dudley
The Misses Otranto, The Misses Berry
Lady Madeline Trevor, Lady Churchill
Mr. Sherborne, Isaac D'Israeli (father of the author)
Mr. Fitzloom, Sir Robert Peel
Prince of Little Lilliput, King Leopold of Belgium
Beckendorff, Count Metternich
Madame Carolina, Lady Holland
The Baroness, H. R. H. the Princess Amelia
Chief Writer in Attack-All Review, Robert Southey
Julius von Aslingen, George Bryan ("Beau") Brummell
Attack-All Review, Quarterly Review

Praise-All Review, Edinburgh Review
Dr. Spittergen, Dr. Abernethy
Von Chronicle, M. de Sismondi (author of "Julia Severa")
Lord Amelius Fitzfudge Boroughby, Lord Burghersh
Colonel von Trumpeter, Marquis of Londonderry
Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Lady Caroline Lamb





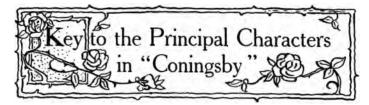




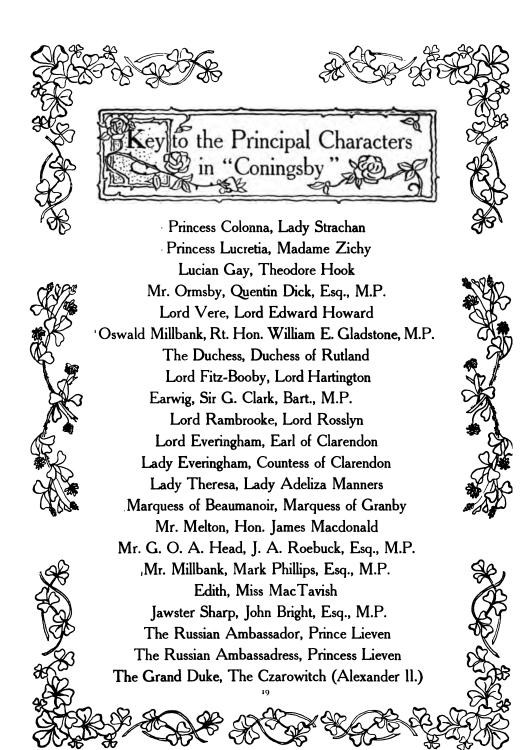
Lord Cadurcis, George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron Captain George Cadurcis, George Anson Byron, uncle of Lord Byron

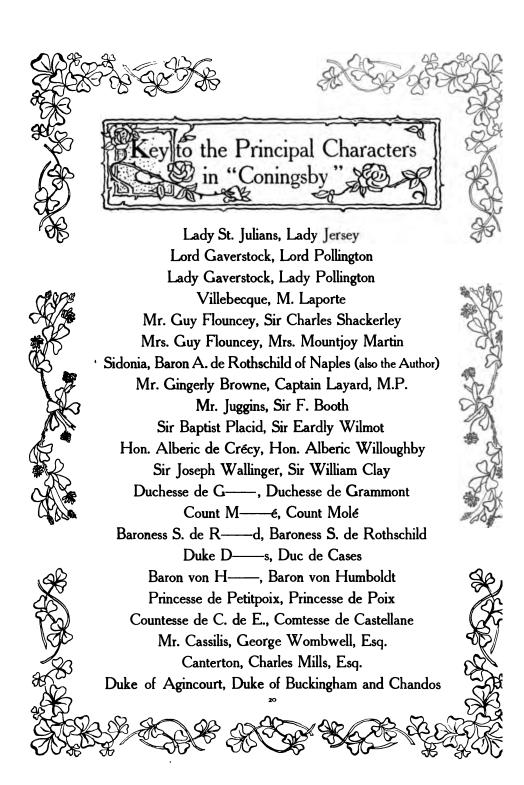
Mrs. Cadurcis, Catherine Gordon Byron, mother of the poet

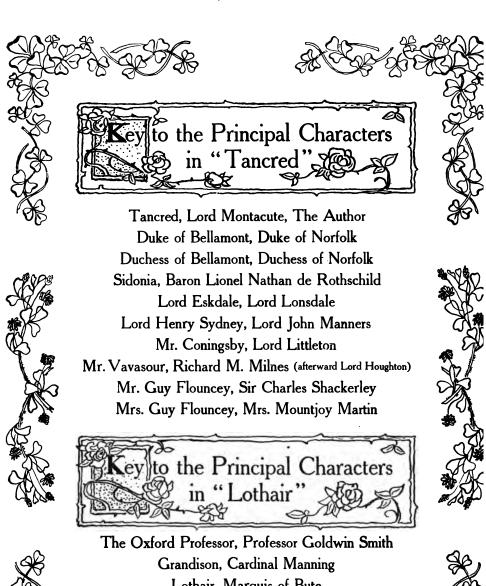
Marmion Herbert, Percy Bysshe Shelley
Doctor Masham, Bishop William Wilberforce
Lady Monteagle, Lady Jersey
Venetia, Clara, daughter of Shelley



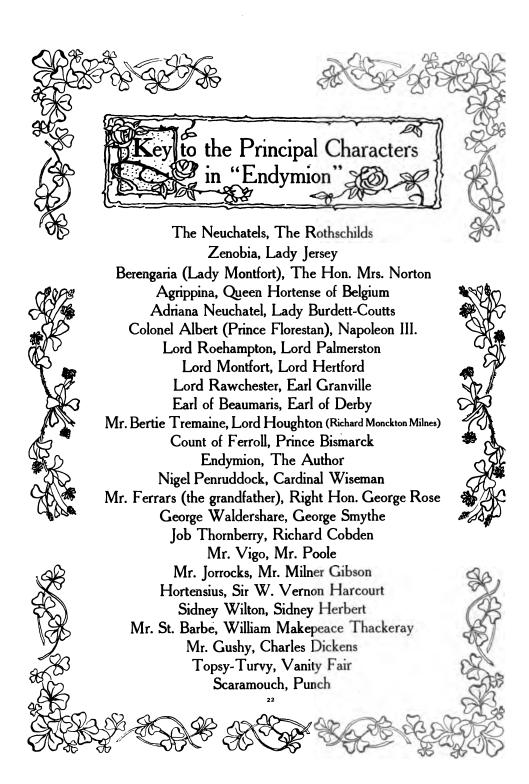
Coningsby, Lord Littleton
Rigby, Right Hon. J. Wilson Croker, M.P.
Taper, Charles Ross, Esq.
Tadpole, Alexander Pringle, Esq., M.P.
Lord Monmouth, Lord Hertford
The Duke, The Duke of Rutland
Lord Henry Sydney, Lord John Manners

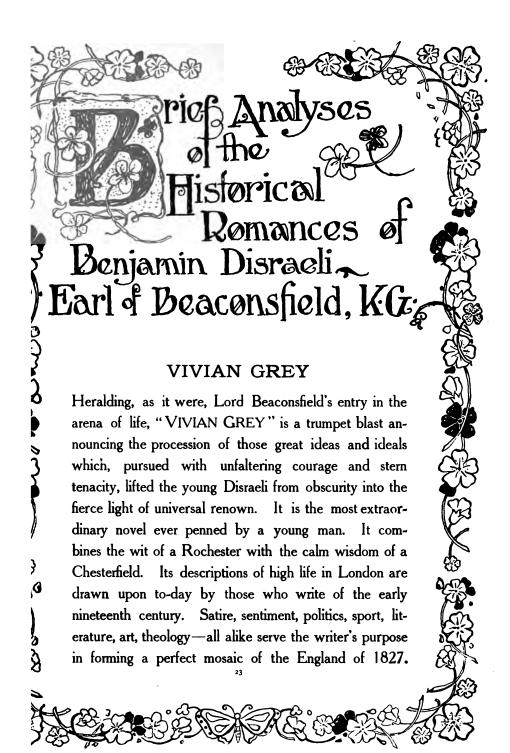






The Oxford Professor, Professor Goldwin Smith
Grandison, Cardinal Manning
Lothair, Marquis of Bute
Catesby, Monsignore Capel
The Duke and Duchess, Duke and Duchess of Abercorn
The Bishop, Bishop Wilberforce
Corisande, Lady Anne Hamilton







The array of characters notable in every rank of life, brought into the novel, staggers the reader as he realizes the youth and, at that time, the insignificance of the author, and he is impressed by the brilliant wit, the incisive argument, the lofty sentiment, the caustic description, and philosophic reflection found in the pages of the book. That a solicitor's clerk of twenty-two should be able to produce "Vivian Grey" is certainly more astonishing than that Dickens, at little more than the same age, should have written "Pickwick." Genius was wanted for it, and the thing, when accomplished, proved that genius had been at work. The central figure is the author himself caricaturing his own impertinence and bringing on his head deserved retribution; but the sarcasm, the strength of hand, the audacious personalities caught the attention of the public, and gave him at once the notoriety he desired. "Vivian" was the book of the season; every one read it; every one talked about it, and keys were guessed at of the characters who were satirized. Disraeli, like Byron, went to sleep a nameless youth of twenty-two, and woke to find himself famous.

THE YOUNG DUKE

"THE YOUNG DUKE" reveals Disraeli's imagination skimming like a gorgeous butterfly over the highly colored sprays and flowers of the garden wherein he himself was destined to reign the undisputed dispenser of destinies.

ch noble, who, intensely oving excitement, hurls st lurid sort, but finally tearing himself away, by his genius wins a

It paints the career of a lofty English noble, who, intensely emotional, brilliantly gifted, but loving excitement, hurls himself into dissipations of the most lurid sort, but finally realizes his responsibility, and, tearing himself away, enters the Senate of his peers, and by his genius wins a nation's applause. Disraeli's command of language and reserve of force are strikingly shown in the description of the great gambling scene in this novel. The reader pauses and asks how a youth of twenty-five or twenty-six could have seen enough of life among the wealthiest, noblest, and virtually the most reckless of the land, to be able to paint word-pictures such as this. The story proves that Disraeli knew intuitively the land into which (like his ancestors into Palestine) he was destined to break, and in which he was to reign supreme. About this time Nathaniel P. Willis, the American writer, met lames Anthony Froude has preserved Willis' description of the budding genius:

"He was sitting in a window looking on Hyde Park, the last rays of sunlight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him a conspicuous object. He has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs would seem to be a victim of consumption.

nas the most mocking, reivable. His mouth and impatient nervoustantly, ract of expression, it that would be worthy

His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness; and when he burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls on his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, and on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his conversation. He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action."

IXION IN HEAVEN

"IXION IN HEAVEN" is a most amusing account of the hero's intrigue with Juno, the Queen of Heaven, and of Jove's eternal vengeance. It contains a droll mingling of earthly foibles, celestial etiquette, and sly allusions to Disraeli's own ambitions; and the characters of the Olympian courtiers and goddesses are laughably conceived and described. It is a satire of the most delicate type, but the shafts are direct and reach the mark. A distinguished literary critic says of this charming piece of drollery: "The form and tone are like

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Lucian's, and the execution almost as good. No characters in real life are more vivid than those he draws of the high-bred divinities at the court of the father of the gods, while the Father himself is George IV., Apollo is Byron, and the ladies are well-known ornaments of the circles of the Olympians of May Fair."

THE RISE OF ISKANDER

"THE RISE OF ISKANDER" gives rein to Disraeli's splendor of imagination. Moslem magnificence and bloodthirstiness, the struggles of the Cross and Crescent, with the kaleidoscopic change and varied fortunes of the Orient as a background, are portrayed with the touch of one who knew whereof he wrote. The romance shows a subjugated race suddenly free from its masters. he wrote it, Disraeli must have thought of his own people and realised the yearnings for a national existence that have sustained them since the Dispersion. Holy Land, as the seat of his own race, affected his imagination. He had a romantic side in his mind in a passion for Jerusalem. His intellect had been molded by the sceptical philosophy of his fathers; but, let sceptics say what they would, a force which had gone out from Jerusalem had governed the fate of the modern world."











LORD GEORGE BENTINCK

When a biography of Lord George Bentinck, Beaconsfield's colleague in Parliament, was projected, the latter was hailed as the one man fitted for the task. The result was, according to Froude, "the most brilliant political biography ever penned by the hand of man." The biography, in touching on Lord George's attitude toward the Jewish Disabilities Bill, contains a ringing chapter on the Jews, as irresistible a demand for the recognition of the Separate People as the mind of man ever conceived. Indeed, while the Zionist movement had not at that time crystallized into its present form, Disraeli may be looked on as a pioneer, in that he wrought successfully against fierce and sustained opposition to relieve his race of those political hindrances under which they had for centuries labored. Froude declares that "to the student of the parliamentary history of those times, the book is of immense value."

CONTARINI FLEMING

"CONTARINI FLEMING" contains tales of adventure so romantic, and descriptions of travel and scenery so gorgeous, that the great Goethe hastened to send glowing eulogies and congratulations to the author, while Dean Milman compared it to "Childe Harold," and hailed Disraeli as a second Byron. Above and beyond this,



in the career of Contarini Fleming can be traced the thorny path Disraeli himself was to pursue. It lifts the curtain from the political life of the England of the 'thirties, revealing ambitions still-born, ambitions doomed to early death, ambitions that o'erleaped themselves, and ambitions that bore the glorious fruit of the years from 1860-80. It reveals too the marvelous patience and self-control of its author in that significant passage where Contarini and his companions are requested, as a memorial of their journey, to write upon the wall some sentence expressive of each writer. But one word did Contarini write—that word was "Time." "Disraeli wanted no spurring. He worked for twelve hours a day at his studies, conscious that he had singular powers and passionately ambitious to make use of them. purpose that lay behind his exterior was as little suspected by those who saw him in the world as the energy with which he was always working in his laborious hours. The stripling of seventeen was the same person as the statesman of seventy, with this difference only—that the affectation which was natural in the boy was itself affected in the mature politician, whom it served well as a mask or as a suit of impenetrable armour" (Meynell).









THE TRAGEDY OF COUNT **ALARCOS**

"THE TRAGEDY OF COUNT ALARCOS" is founded on a celebrated Spanish ballad, and deals with the turbulent amours and quarrels of the Castilian nobles of the thirteenth century. Disraeli came of the Sephardim—the wealthy, polished, and aristocratic Jews of the Spain and Portugal of 1200-1550—and it was natural that in this essay in tragic drama he should choose a field pregnant with the bygone glories of his race. How the theme and scene appealed to him is witnessed by the language of the play, which rises to heights of passion rarely met in literature.

POPANILLA

"POPANILLA" is a magnificent satire upon the people, manners, and customs of Great Britain, mirth-provoking to a degree. Disraeli's powers of sarcasm and ridicule were unrivalled, yet it is said he never incurred the enmity of those he satirised, for they were compelled to laugh with their castigator. Hence people called him a second Dean Swift, but a Swift without malice. chief interest is in the light which is thrown on Disraeli's studies of English politics. The chapter on "Fruit" is























the Anglican Church.
itical economy, and the
ontempt for that once

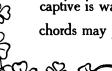
a humorously correct sketch of the Anglican Church. Mr. Flummery Flum represents political economy, and the picture of him betrays Disraeli's contempt for that once celebrated science, now relegated to the exterior planets. "Popanilla" can be read with intense pleasure as a mere work of fancy. It has a still more serious value to the student of Disraeli's character.

ALROY

"ALROY," a picturesque Oriental romance of the days of the Hebrew Captivity, has for its hero a Prince of the Captivity in the twelfth century. This great romance was written in Palestine, and shows the Oriental splendor of Disraeli's imagination. Southey's "Thalaba" cannot be compared in vividness of coloring to "Alroy," and though the supernatural is introduced, the inherent power of the tale carries the reader through the most startling scenes without a falter. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," declared the tale to be full of the most intense and startlingly original thought. It presents, broadly, plainly, and unmistakably, the possibilities of a Jewish national rebirth. There the harp of Judea led captive is waked again in the hope that the throbbing chords may prove as potent as of old to rouse the heart











ring them to their own.

were lavish of their
the general opinion.

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and energies of the Dispersed and bring them to their own. At its publication eminent critics were lavish of their praise, but they only expressed the general opinion. The literary world acknowledged that a new star had appeared, and Disraeli was established in the first rank of writers.

THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE

"THE INFERNAL MARRIAGE" is a sweeping satire on the modern fashion of women "marrying for an establishment." It is founded on the mythological tale of Proserpine and Pluto, and its description of society in Elysium is another of those caricatures of London high life, its luxuries, its idle existence, and numerous scandals, that Disraeli excelled in. The occupation of the Elysians was to go to operas and plays and balls, to wander in the green shades of the forest, to canter over breezy downs, to banquet with the beautiful and the witty, to send care to the devil and indulge the whim of the moment. It was easy to see who were meant by the Elysians; privileged mortals they might be, but mortals out of whom, unless they roused themselves, no future rulers would ever rise to govern again the English nation. The Emperor Julian imagined that he could galvanize

the dead gods of paganism; Disraeli, believing that an aristocracy of some kind was a political necessity, here dreamed of an awakening of the young generation of English nobles to the heroic virtues of the age of the Plantagenets.

CONINGSBY

"CONINGSBY" is not only Disraeli's greatest political novel, but the greatest historical novel in English literature. Its purpose was to declare the right of the "Young England" clique, fathered by Disraeli, to be both a popular and a nationally recognised party. The story arrested attention at once. To quote Froude's marvelous analysis:

"'Coningsby: or, The New Generation' carried its meaning in its title. If England was to be saved by its aristocracy, the aristocracy must alter their ways. The existing representatives of the order had grown up in self-indulgence and social exclusiveness—some excellent, a few vicious, but all isolated from the inferior ranks, and all too old to mend. The hope, if hope there was, had to be looked for in their sons. 'Coningsby' is put together with extreme skill. We have pictures of fashionable society, gay and giddy, such as no writer ever described better; peers, young, middle-aged, and old, good, bad, and indifferent, the central figure a profligate

old noble of immense fortune, whose person is easily recognised, and whose portrait is also preserved by Thackeray. Besides these, there are intriguing or fascinating ladies, political hacks, country gentlemen, millowners, and occasionally wise outsiders, gazing upon the chaos and delivering oracular interpretations or prophecies. The story opens at Eton, which Disraeli describes with an insight astonishing in a writer who had no experience of English public school life, and with a fondness which confesses how much he had lost in the substitutes to which he had been himself condemned. There Coningsby makes acquaintance with the highborn youth who are to be his companions in the great world that is to follow, then in the enjoyment of a delightful present, and brimming with enthusiastic ambitions. They accompany each other to their fathers' castles, and schemes are meditated and begun for their future careers; Disraeli letting fall, as he goes on, his own political opinions, and betraying his evident disbelief in existing Conservatism, and in its then all-powerful leader. ingsby found that he was born in an age of infidelity in all things, and his heart assured him that a want of faith was a want of nature. He asked himself why governments were hated and religions despised, why loyalty was dead and reverence only a galvanised corpse. had found age perplexed and desponding, manhood cal-

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lous and desperate. Some thought that systems would last their time, others that something would turn up. His deep and pious spirit recoiled with disgust and horror from lax chance and medley maxims that would, in their consequence, reduce men to the level of brutes.

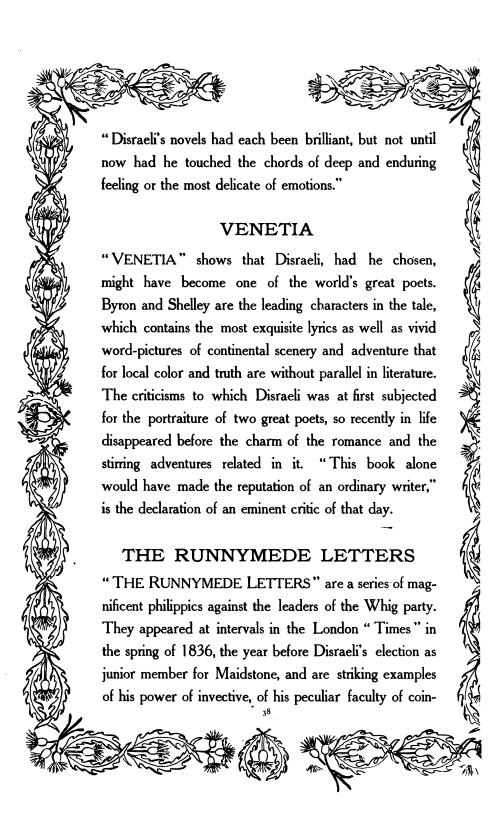
"Coningsby's study of the social problem carries him to Manchester, where he hears the views entertained in the industrial circles regarding the English aristocracy. 'An aristocracy cannot exist, unless it is distinguished by some quality which no other class of the community possesses. Distinction is the basis of aristocracy. you permit only one class of the population, for example, to bear arms, they are an aristocracy; not much to my taste, but still a great fact. That, however, is not the characteristic of the English peerage. I have yet to learn that they are richer than we are, better informed, or more distinguished for public and private virtues. Ancient lineage! I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of the country are to be found among the peasantry. The gentry too may lay claim to old blood: I know of some Norman gentlemen whose fathers undoubtedly came in with the Conqueror. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. The thirty years' Wars of the Roses freed us from these gentlemen, I take it. After the battle of Tewkesbury a Norman baron was almost as rare a

being as a wolf. . . . We owe the English peerage to three sources—the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of its honours by the elder Stuarts, and the borough-mongering of our own times. These are THE SHEET SH the three main sources of the existing peerages of England, and in my opinion disgraceful ones." "The Hebrew financier is represented very much in the position of Disraeli himself, half a foreigner and an impartial onlooker, with keen interest in the stability of English institutions, but with the insight possible only to an outsider, who observes without inherited prepossessions. Sidonia, the original of whom is as easily recognised, is, like Disraeli, of Spanish descent, His father staked all that he was worth on the Waterloo loan, became the greatest capitalist in Europe, and bequeathed his business and his fortune to his son. Though Sidonia is chiefly drawn from another person, Disraeli himself can be traced in the description of his character. The hand is the hand of Esau; the voice is the voice of Jacob. 'The secret history of the world was Sidonia's pastime.' 'His great pleasure was to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions.' This was Disraeli himself, and through Sidonia's mouth Disraeli explains to Coningsby the political condition of England." Whigs and Tories alike were stung by the merciless satire of this novel. Even "Punch" drew from its

pages. Three large editions were called for in three months, and 50,000 copies were sold in America alone. The key to this novel is remarkable for the number of famous persons introduced. The present Conservative regime in England found its protonascence in "Coningsby," which bears the distinction of being the only novel that has founded a party and created a policy of plasting usefulness and renown.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

A passionate love tale—Disraeli's description of romantic love as he conceived or felt it. His final idea of man's love for woman is that of reverent tenderness. To him she is the symbol of a great idea, a higher, more representative being than man. He deduces, too, that there is no real love save that which springs into full flower at first sight; and that love is the one power sufficient in itself to make man capable of the greatest deeds. The story is the most delicate of romances, the most fervent of idealizations, and explains perhaps the happiness of Lord Beaconsfield's own married life. seeming disparity of age between himself and the lady he wedded was nothing in the light of such knightly faith, and the pedestal reared for Henrietta Temple by Ferdinand Armine became the shrine at which the writer subsequently kneeled. Says a well-known critic:

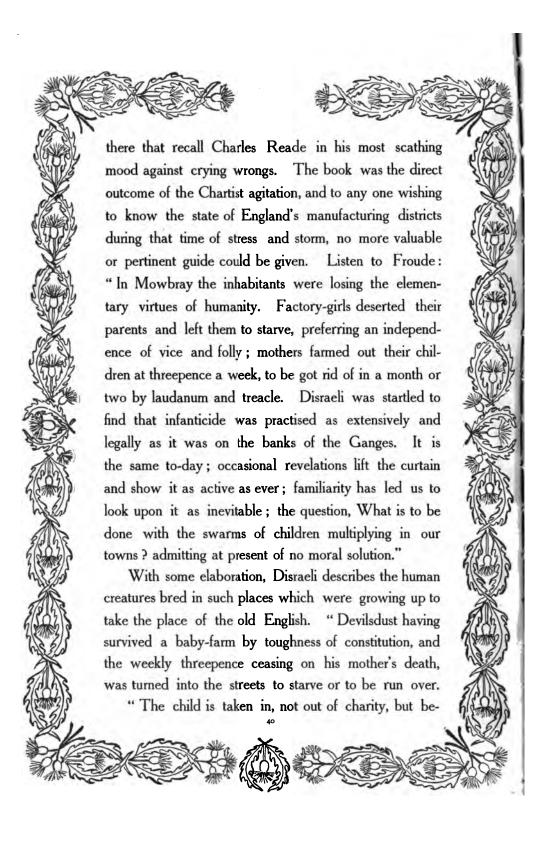


ing phrases that remain in the memory, and of his genius for ridicule. The "Letters of Junius" do not excel them in the powerful analyses of public questions they contain. "These Letters brought Disraeli election to that temple of Toryism, the Carlton Club, and when the newspapers abused him he retorted by quoting his prototype in sarcasm, Swift, to the effect that the appearance of a man of genius is known by the immediate and wordy virulence of dunces."

SYBIL

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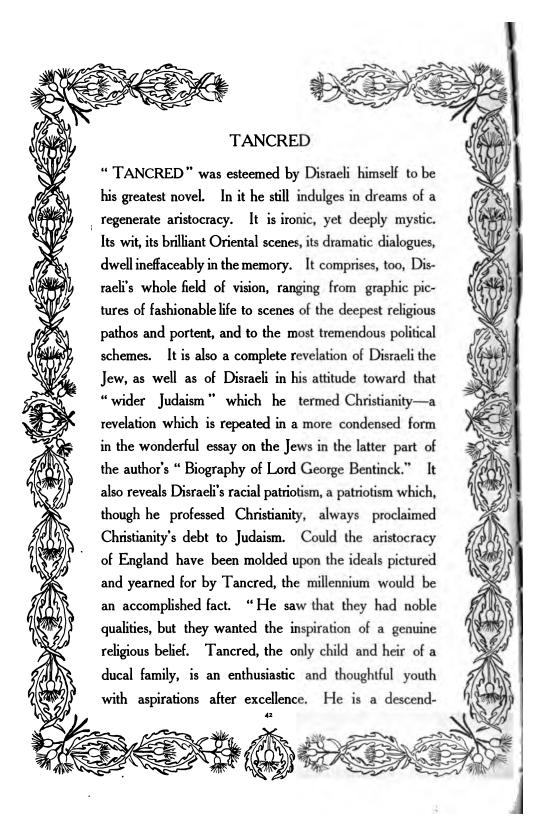
"SYBIL," the greatest labor novel ever written, is even more remarkable than its forerunners, but in a different The sub-title, "The Two Nations," is Disraeli's way of distinguishing the rich from the poor. Before writing this story (which he dedicated, in touching terms, to his wife), Disraeli studied human conditions at first hand in the manufacturing towns of England. the workman now prospering, now starving. He detected the frauds and tyrannies of the middle-man; he found hatred, anarchy, and incendiarism, and was not afraid to draw the lurid picture in the unadulterated colours of truth. The delineation of manufacturing conditions in this tale is vivid and picturesquely strong, and there are thunderous passages of denunciation that remind one of Lassalle, as well as descriptions here and



cause an imp of such a kind happens to be wanted, and Devildust grows up naturally a dangerous member of society. But was there ever a more horrible picture drawn? It is like a chapter of Isaiah in Cockney novelist dress."

SELECTED SPEECHES

The "SELECTED SPEECHES" afford a glance at Disraeli at the morn, noon, and eve of his parliamentary career. They explain the reason why, after the first memorable scene in the House of Commons, no speaker was ever listened to with more studied attention. The genius for detail, for the marshaling of facts, for rapid yet clear presentation, for disposing of antagonistic arguments with rapier-like thrusts of sarcasm, and for effective peroration are all apparent. Disraeli as a phrase-maker will live as long as England boasts a literature. A great and persistent opponent said of his oratory: "He was the strongest member of Parliament in his own day, and it was Parliament which took him as its foremost man and made him what he was. No one fought more stoutly when there was fighting to be done; no one knew better when to yield, or how to encourage his followers. He was a master of debate. He had perfect command of his temper, and while he ran an adversary through the body he charmed even his enemies by the skill with which he did it."

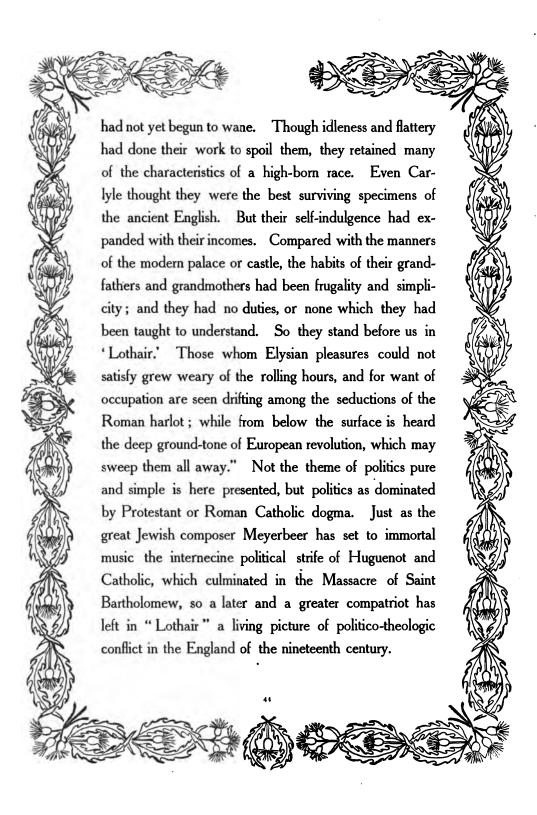


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ant of the Crusaders, and his mind turns back to the land which was the birthplace of his nominal creed. There alone the Maker of the universe had held direct communication with man. There alone would He communicate with his creature again. Christian Europe still regarded the Israelites as the chosen people. Half of it still worshiped a Jew and the other half a Jewess. But between criticism and science and materialism, the belief which lingered in form had lost its commanding power. Before the diseases of society could be cured the creed must be restored to its pristine authority."

LOTHAIR

"LOTHAIR" is the only novel by Disraeli in which he himself does not designedly appear. The students of English history, in time to come, who would know what England's nobles were in the days of Victoria, will read "Lothair" with the same intense interest with which they read Horace and Juvenal. Here Disraeli paints the English aristocracy at the zenith of their splendor. They stand before the reader in all the magnificence of their virtues and their follies. "The industrial energy of the age had doubled their already princely revenues without effort of their own. They were the objects of universal homage—partly a vulgar adulation of rank, partly the traditionary reverence for their order, which





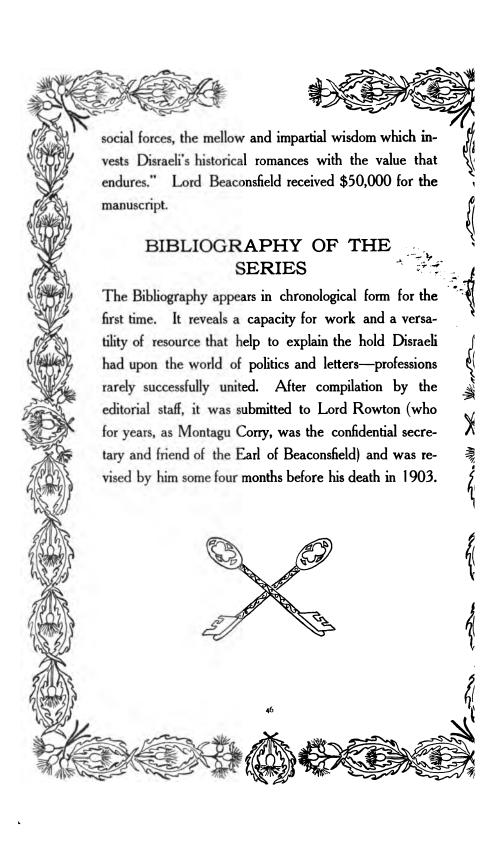
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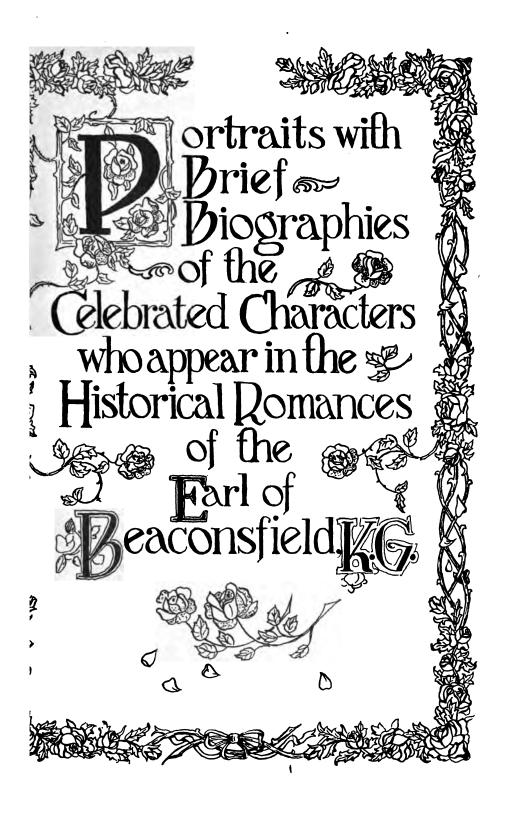
DISRAELI'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER

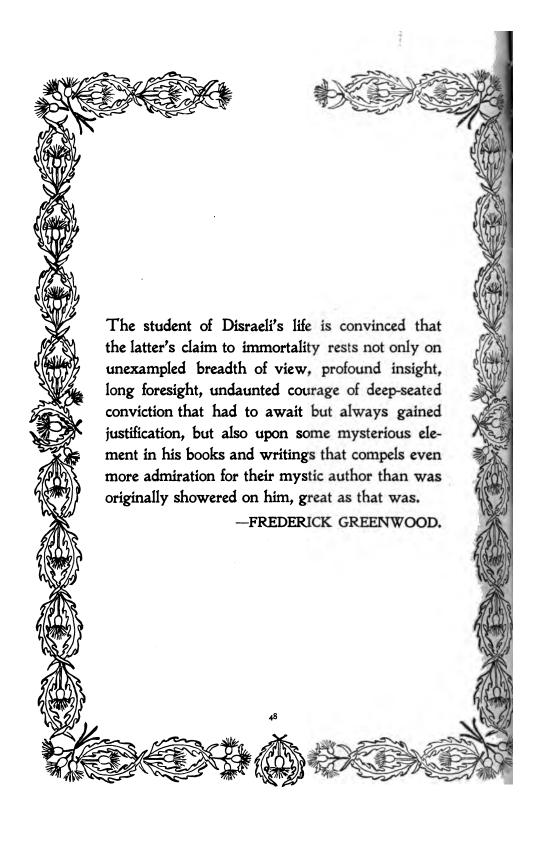
These Letters are fascinating glimpses of Disraeli's estimate of himself, and of his life during the years in which he was slowly mounting to an assured position in the world of politics, literature, and fashion. The cheery, undaunted spirit he displays under rebuffs, the joyousness he exhibits at the slightest success, the ambition, the affectionate style—all serve to form a composite picture of the writer that is vivid, pleasant, and enduring.

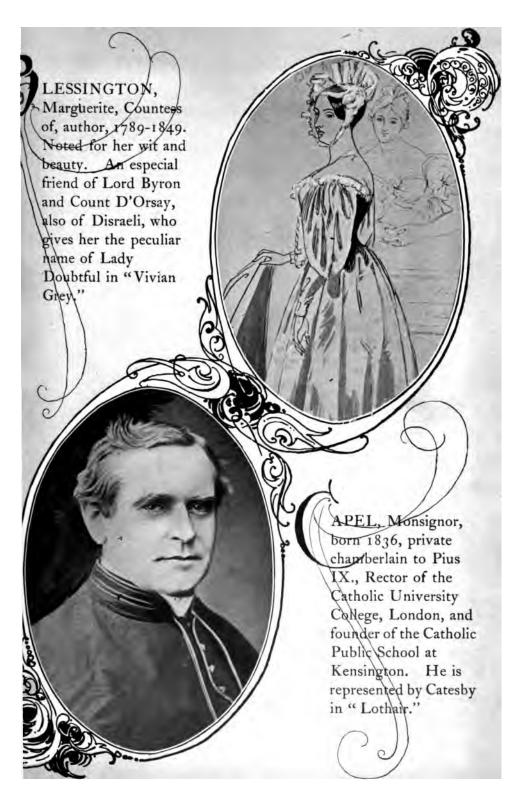
ENDYMION

"ENDYMION," the swan song, so to speak, of Lord Beaconsfield's marvelous career, was half written when the Conservative leader assumed office in 1874. There are dual portraits of the author in it, in the characters of Endymion and Myra. All the characters are easily recognizable among the great personages of that day. The key to them is a perfect galaxy of names that will never die. Endymion's career might be taken as an autobiography of the writer, and the pictures of English life in the politics and the society of 1874–80 are invaluable. "The book is full of the author's characteristic epigrams, and is an epitome of the great Earl's political philosophy. It possesses the calm mastery of modern life, the survey, wide as the world, of modern political and

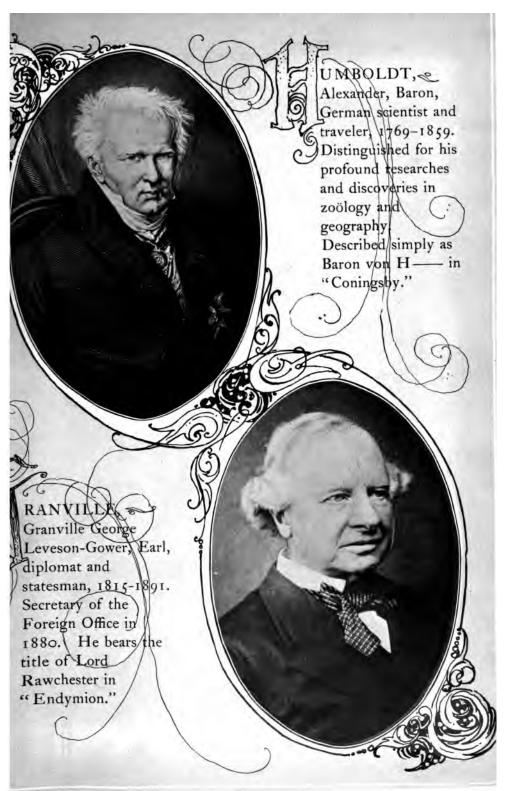


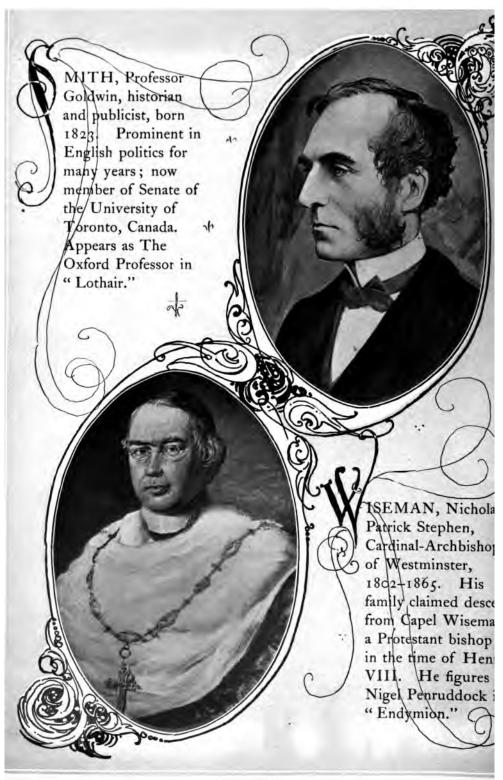


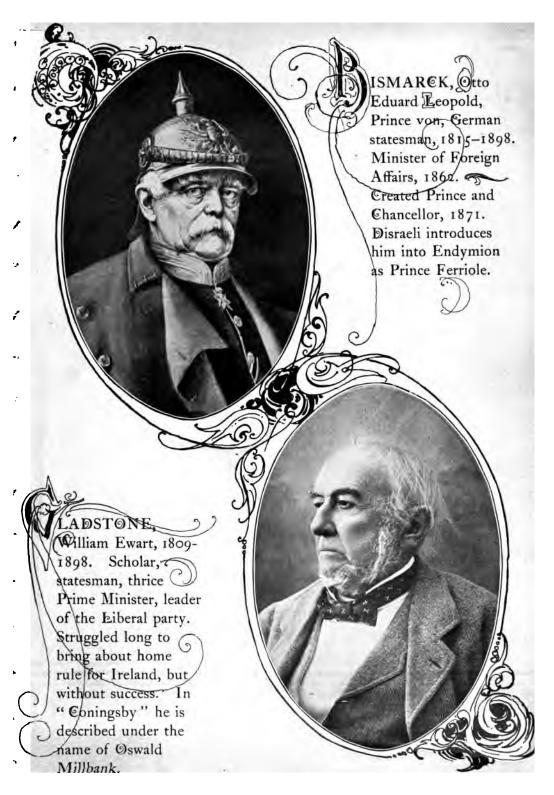


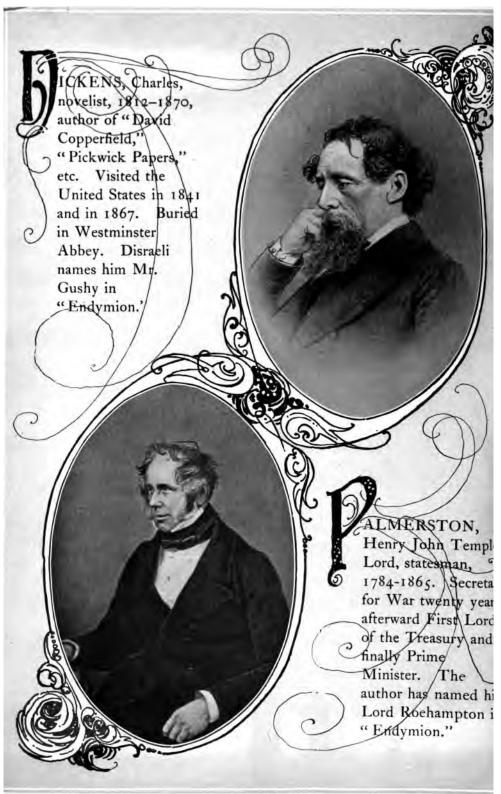


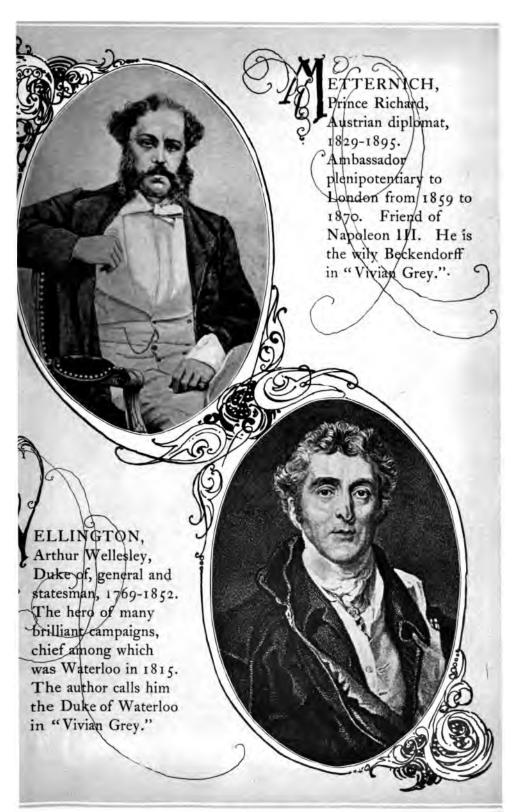










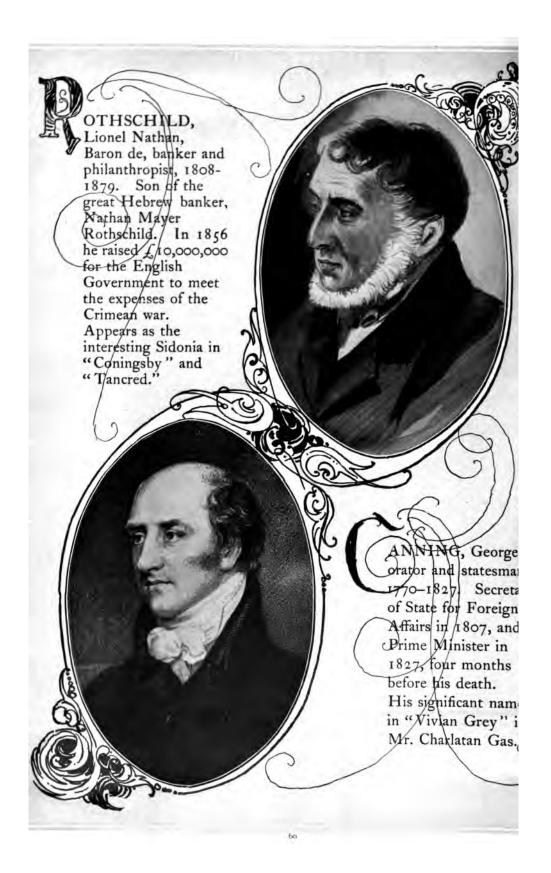










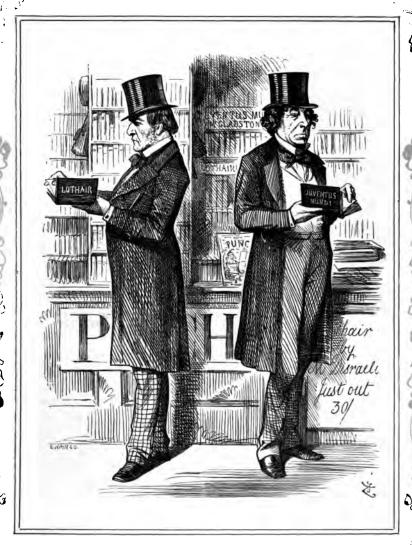












'CRITICS."

Mr. G-dst-ne: "Hm! Flippant!"
Mr. D-sr-li: "Ha! Prosy!"

Mr. Disraeli's latest novel, "Lothair," was published at this time, as was also Mr. Glad-stone's work on Grecian Mythology (1870).

By dint of his inherent force of genius, Disraeli's books have not merely survived their innumerable fellows, but they have come to represent to us the form and character of a whole school. In his person that ineffable manner of the "thirties" reaches an isolated sublimity and finds a permanent place in literature. It is the living Disraeli who is always magnificently evident in the fascination of his printed pages.

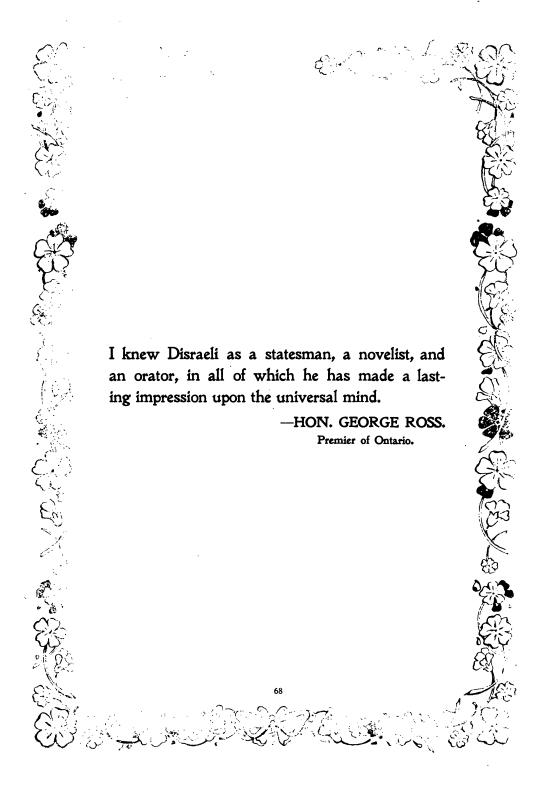
-EDMUND GOSSE.



"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!"

(Aladdin adapted.)

The bill for adding to the royal titles that of Empress of India, pressed forward by the Government, was approved by the country (1876).





OUR "IMPERIAL" GUARD.

LORD B.: "You have often helped her, Madam." INDIA: "And now I am come to help you."

Lord Beaconsfield electrified the country by the sudden summoning of a body of Indian troops to Malta for service in Europe (1878).

Beaconsfield, in literature as in politics, equalled the fame of the greatest of by-gone Englishmen. He was a combination of patience, intrepidity, strength of will, and literary and political genius, that occurs but once in centuries.

-T. E. KEBBEL, M.A.



THE "PAS DE DEUX"!

(From the "Scène de Triomphe" in the Grand Anglo-Turkish Ballet d'Action.)

Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, in reward for their labors as Plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress, were installed as Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter (1878).

In descriptive power, whether in his novels or in his parliamentary speeches, I know not of one that approaches, far less equals, Disraeli. I shall not live to see it, but I am not afraid to predict for him a place in the English Pantheon, both as statesmen and novelist, that shall yield in eminence to none.

—LORD LYNDHURST.



In the Eyes of Great Contemporaries and Critics

The most remarkable man in the parliamentary history of England. Zeal for the greatness of England was his passion, and his writings were the molten expression of it.

—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

The life work of Benjamin Disraeli in literature, equally as in politics, is one of the most wondrous tales which sober truth has ever told.

—JOHN MORLEY.

Lord Beaconsfield does not represent England—he is England. . . . The portrait of my sovereign hangs there; on one side is that of my wife, on the other that of Lord Beaconsfield. That is my testimony to him.

-PRINCE BISMARCK.

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Beaconsfield had the wit of the Gaul, the patience of the Slav, the subtleness of the Oriental, and the doggedness of the Briton. Circumstance was his tool, as is the case with all born leaders of men.

-PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

As a statesman there was none like him before and there will be none hereafter. As a writer he achieved greatness at a bound. —JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

oncerning Edmund William Gosse

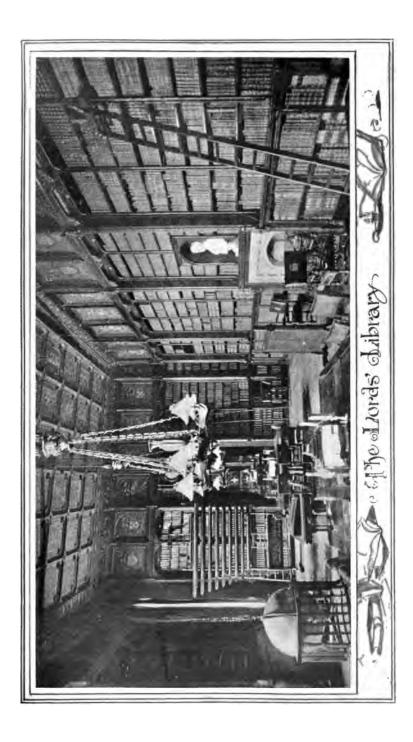


EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE, M.A., LL.D., the writer of the brilliant Critical Introduction to the series, was born in London in 1849. In early manhood he became an assistant librarian in the British Museum, where his leisure time was devoted to a serious study of the literatures of various countries. Among Mr. Gosse's writings are "A History of English Literature," "From Shakespeare to Pope," and many other volumes devoted to English literature.

In the spring of 1884 Mr. Gosse was elected Clark Lecturer on English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1895 he was called to the professorship of English Literature at the University of Edinburgh, and four years later received the highest public honor within the reach of an English man-of-letters—viz., the Librarianship of the House of Lords. This office Mr. Gosse still holds, and it was by virtue of the privilege of access held by him to important papers, as well as from his distinguished literary talents, that the honor was accorded to him of writing the Critical Introduction to the only Definitive Edition of the Works of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

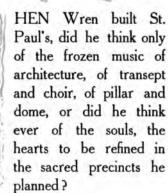








An Appreciation of Benjamin Disraeli App



When Colon and Cabot trod the unexplored shores of the new land, did they think only of the gain of glory for their monarchs, of commerce for their countries, of honors for themselves; or did they think ever of the possibilities of great and independent nations being born upon those shores, of great human principles being there proclaimed, of mighty human institutions being there established?

That Wren thought of souls to be comforted, of hearts to be strengthened, of gratitude to be voiced, and of praise to be rendered, is more than possible—it is probable.

That Colon or Cabot thought of future and independent nations or of grand principles and mighty institutions, is impossible. But all three, Wren, Colon, and Cabot, accomplished great things and unconsciously prepared for greater things.

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, built an Empire and trod the unexplored shores of new domains of thought and action.

Did he think of the magnificence of power, the glamour of wealth, the countless argosies of commerce? Or did he think ever of the higher aspirations, the nobler ideals of mankind, of principles which are fundamental, of institutions which are of paramount and permanent importance in the onward march of humanity in its triumphant advance to ideals both noble and glorious?

Was what he accomplished accidental? Was he a mere opportunist, fortunate in being able to seize occasions, gifted with quick perception, shrewd to judge and swift to strike?

Or did he begin his career with certain fixed ideas? Was he swayed through his life by certain ascertained principles; was he actuated throughout his whole existence as a thinker by certain aims to be worked for with constant zeal, to be striven for with ceaseless energy, to be made the very fibre of his brain, the very reason of his being?

What was his environment? What was the force of the past as it bore down upon him to mold his character? What were the conditions of his present, to influence him and call forth his action? What were the glimmerings of the future, as the horizon of time appeared

in the dawn of history to allure him, to dazzle him, to charm him, as he gazed thereon, and as they were pictured on the canvas of his imagination?

Like Wren, Colon, or Cabot, he accomplished great things. But did he consciously or unconsciously prepare for greater things?

Let those who will judge him harshly, judge him leniently, judge him disparagingly, judge him glowingly; blame him, worship him, condemn him, praise him. I can only present him as he appears to me, seen from my point of view; at an angle which to some may show him in an untrue form, which to others will show him in the only true form; in an aspect which to some will seem strained, imaginative, impossible, but which to others will appear correct, real, and certain.

What makes a man?

Environment, temperament, heredity.

The environment of Disraeli was peculiar. By reason of his father's eminence in literature, he moved in a literary world. His father's taste for reading and his power for assimilating what he read could not but influence him, if he had that taste and that assimilative power himself. He had both. But though a literary world is apt to be generous to its own members, though the republic of letters is apt to be tolerant of all shades of opinion, nevertheless Disraeli had to face prejudices most ungenerous, sentiments most intolerant. The prejudices, the sentiments, will be readily recognized as springing from that unchristian Christianity which preaches peace and good-will but which practises social war and ill-will to the Jew; which bids men love one another

—but not the Jew; which worships Jesus but which despises and treats as inferior the very race to which he belonged and for whose Law he pleaded.

The social war and ill-will, the dislike, the contempt, the unjust treatment must always be considered unfortunate. But they are not useless.

They were not useless in influencing the environment of Disraeli. For if he experienced any of the unpleasant results of such unfortunate conditions—and he surely must have done so—they could only have served to render his perceptions yet more acute, to make his purpose yet more fixed, and to develop in his character yet more strength. For a strong nature always becomes stronger through opposition, and a fine intellect becomes finer through provocation.

His further environment was the world of politics, on the fringe of which he found himself, and the world of law, in which he first essayed the battle of life.

Letters, politics, law—which should he choose?

His temperament decided. A force within him drove him to seek eminence. His facile pen might bring him renown; but the renown of writers is fleeting. Not every one can be a Shakespeare, a Milton, an immortal. And as for fame as a novelist, how few attain fame that lasts even half a century! And what practical good can novelists accomplish except to sow seeds which may "perhaps possibly and peradventure" produce some harvest of good, but which are almost invariably planted in sterile ground? No. Literature might help him; but for a man of his temperament, literature alone would not suffice. As for law, with all the prospects which







English practice affords, it could not possibly be sufficient attraction for such a daring and practical mind as his.

Politics alone was left for him. Everything therein was possible. There were difficulties to be faced, most assuredly. But for that matter, there were difficulties which barred the way to eminence in all professions. He would be compelled to face race prejudice in any case. He would need certain qualifications, but he believed he possessed them. He felt that he had patience to plan, courage to work, swiftness to perceive; the power of speech with all the weapons in its arsenal, such as satire, wit, rhetoric, eloquence, persuasion; the power of resilience; the knowledge when to strike and how to strike and where to strike, and the firmness to strike home when the moment arrived.

In his second novel, "The Young Duke" (1829), he describes the Parliamentary debut of Arundel Dacre. He cites the requisites for success as an orator or debator—"the clinching argument, the luminous detail, the withering sarcasm that blasted like the simoom, the brilliant sallies of wit that flashed like a sabre, the gushing eddies of humour that drowned all opposition and overwhelmed those ponderous and unwieldy arguments which the producers announced as rocks, but which proved to be porpoises."

How eminently he personally possessed these qualifications his career sufficiently attests.

In gaining the necessary experience to learn how to use these powers, he might fail, he did fail; witness his own parliamentary debut. But for every time he failed he succeeded many times.



My reason for these remarks is to be found in a study of the earliest of his works, "Vivian Grey," written when he was only twenty-two years old. For the boy very often indicates the man. In reading this book we wonder at meeting the name Beaconsfield, whom he strangely calls "powerful, but a dolt"; but we are deeply impressed when we meet his own name, which he identifies with "the rescue of many of the questions of the day from what Dugald Stewart or Disraeli would call the spirit of Political Religionism." How eloquently this last remark shows the bent of his mind at the very moment he was stepping upon the threshold of manhood!

But what is of more importance is his own opinion of the politician as he puts it in the mouth of Cleveland, one of the characters in the same book. In view of his subsequent career, how suggestive are such words as the following:

"Of all delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. I mention this to you because it is the rock on which all politicians strike. Fortunately, you enter under different circumstances from those which usually attend most political debutants. You have your connections formed and your views ascertained. But if, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never for a moment suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their un-





expected champion. No, Grey; make them fear you, and they will kiss your feet. There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable; for in politics there is no honour."

And not the less significant are these words which he puts in the mouth of Beckendorff, another character in the same novel:

"Man is not the creature of circumstance. stances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter. I recognise no intervening influence between that of the established course of nature and my own mind. Truth may be The invention distorted, may be stifled, be suppressed. of cunning deceits may, and in most instances does, prevent man from exercising his own powers. They have made him responsible to a realm of shadows, and a suitor in a court of shades. He is ever dreading authority which does not exist, fearing the occurrence of penalties which there are none to enforce. But the mind that dares to extricate itself from these vulgar prejudices, that proves its loyalty to its Creator by devoting all its adoration to this glory—such a spirit as this becomes a master-mind, and that master-mind will invariably find that circumstances are its slaves."

And again: "Mark what I say: it is truth. No minister ever yet fell from his own inefficiency. If his downfall be occasioned, as it generally is, by the intrigues of one of his own creatures, his downfall is merited for having been the dupe of a tool which in all probability he should never have employed. If he fall through the open attacks of his political opponents, his







LEST STRING BY JEST

downfall is equally deserved for having occasioned by his impolicy the formation of a party, for having allowed it to be formed, or for not having crushed it when formed. No conjuncture can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man, by his own energy, may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending water-spout."

As for the force which heredity exercised in the development of his character and in the creation of his career, we can never lose sight of his Oriental love for the magnificent, his predilection for startling dénouements; his Sephardic love for culture; his Jewish love for the religious instinct in man.

The more he moved in English society and the more he came in contact with the British nobility, the more he was forced to recognise the superiority of the Jewish concept of aristocracy, which makes learning the title of distinction and religious life the title of nobility.

The vice and shallowness of so many of the highest social class forced him to admire the religion in which he was born, the religion which makes for holiness as the chief end of human life. That religion was for him personified by the high priest, who wore on his forehead, close to the seat of thought, the motto of the Hebrew, his own race, "Holy to the Lord."

As a Jew by race, he was saturated with the ideals of the Book of the Jew. He was conscious of pride born of the reflection that when the sires of the British aristocracy were woad-stained or skin-clad, his own Sephardic sires were clothed in silks and fine cloths;







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that when those Norman founders of English nobility who came over with the Conquerer (himself a bastard) slew and robbed, his own ancestors had already given the world prophets, lawgivers, and psalmists, whose eternal teachings of righteousness, purity, holiness shall endure until the stars grow old and the sun grows cold and earth shall cease to be; that when few of the English could even write their names his fathers long had been philosophers, poets, and professors of science.

When eight days old he himself had been solemnly received as a child of the Hebrew covenant by an Abravanel, Lindo.

Abravenel! The Abravanels are descendents of King David. Abravanel! A name identified with the proud and illustrious era of Sephardic Jewish history. What was England in 1492 when an Abravanel pleaded with Ferdinand and Isabella for human rights against the saintly demon Torquemada? And what were the ancestors of the British aristocracy and commoners when King David reigned and touched the harp whose music lives to-day to wake the heart, to call the tear, to lift the soul?

Noblesse oblige! Who shall measure, who can measure, the tremendous, the resistless force of the consciousness of ancestry and historic traditions on a mind like his?

It would be easy to illustrate his pride of race from his Bentinck biography alone. Its tenth chapter should be read, studied, digested by every one who has the slightest reverence for Christianity, love for truth, or sense of justice. It explains his pride of race, it renders per-







LA CARTICATED STATES

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fectly natural his grand pleadings for his people by birth, his manly advocacy of its claims for recognition by the world, his poetic delineations of its ideals for all humanity. Without his heredity, his Sephardic traditions, his Jewish reverence, there would be no Alroy, no Sidonia, no Tancred, and that glorious tenth chapter of the Bentinck biography would never have been written.

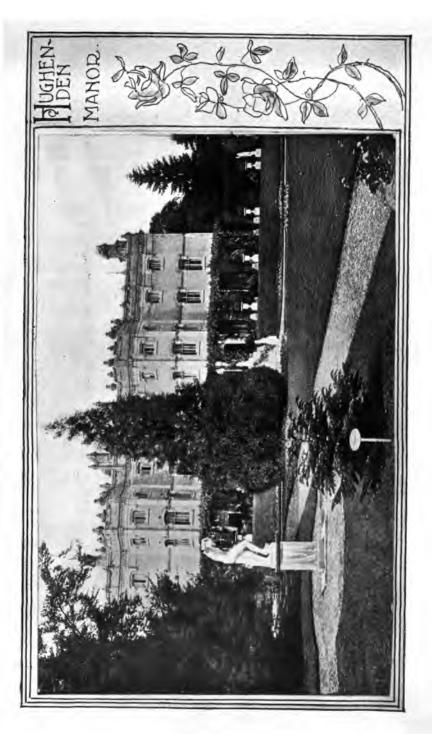
Certes, his writings and his career demonstrate the power of heredity in developing the man.

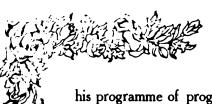
To sum up:—His environment made him a strong man. His temperament made him a statesman. His heredity made him a noble man.

Now let me present him from my point of view—for I also am English by birth, I also love England, and I also, like Beaconsfield himself, am a Sephardic Jew.

Beaconsfield was a product of thirty-two centuries of civilisation in its highest and noblest sense—the government of conduct by force of consciousness of God. In other words, he was a true Hebrew. He showed this in both his diplomacy and his writings.

In his diplomacy he strove for progress and peace—with honour. He gave evidence constantly of his intense sympathy with the progress of the great nation whose great interests were so frequently confided to him. So did many other statesmen—English, Scotch, and Irish. But it was he who welded the component parts of that great nation into a great empire, and who made possible its future development into a yet greater earthly power, which, by the joint action of all English-speaking races, shall continue to make for greater union, and so further





his programme of progress and peace with honour—not for the British Empire only, but for the world.

Peace, with honour! As I write these historic words, words which will live as long as the British nation shall live, the scroll of history is unfolded and that scene is revealed which shows him returning home after the magnificent and triumphant accomplishment known as the Berlin Conference.

That conference he convened. His is the story of its birth and success. By convening it, he clothed with action the grand conception of two of the prophets of his race, "arbitration instead of war!"

Nor should we, in mentioning this conference, lose sight of his enunciation there of a world-principle, first thundered by yet another of those prophets—Moses, our master—that no nation has the right to oppress another; that Roumania, no more than Egypt of old, had any right to deprive the Hebrews of full liberty. If the Christian nations which signed that treaty have not insisted on faith being kept and signatures being honoured, it is their fault, not Beaconsfield's. It does but prove a quasi-Christianity, which does not rise to the moral or spiritual height of Hebrewism, which stands for the government of conduct by force of the consciousness of God.

Environment, temperament, heredity, they all spoke in his work as statesman for the benefit of his country, in his creation of an empire, in his insistance upon arbitration and liberty as essentials in humanity's progress, no less than in his plea for his race.

This labor for his country made the name of Eng-







BY THE BUILDING

land respected as never it had been since the days of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

Disraeli's creation of the Empire meant the creation of a force which will one day weld into one all the English-speaking races of the world as surely as in ancient days it welded the Heptarchy into an England, and as in later days it welded an England, a Wales, and a Scotland into a Great Britain with Ireland.

What a power for good, for progress, for peace this Saxondom—call it what you will—will be in the world!

But what a power for good, for progress, for peace, has he helped to make possible by his promulgation of Hebrew ideals, by his presentation of Hebrew claims for recognition by a power in the world of nations, by his plea for his race!

In his writings, apart from those that touch upon social matters, like most of them, or upon political matters, like a few, we discern a mighty thread in the web of his imagination—mighty because lustrous with the true light and true glory of the deathless nation to which he belonged by birth and inheritance—the nation that was old before his beloved England was even born.

Disraeli is by reason of that thread a yet greater promoter of progress and peace—with honour; for he declared the intellectuality of the deathless Hebrew nation. He sang its ideals. He told the world of its existence, to-day vigorous, moral, ideal-loving as ever.

He declares the Hebrews are fitted to reconstruct their nation. And as prime minister of a great worldpower of his day, the princes and statesmen of the whole world have read his declaration and his message. They



will one day embody his suggestion in practical fashion.

Will not the world be richer, happier, and more blessed thereby?

Yes, for then as of old, Hebrewism will stand for the government of conduct by force of consciousness of God. Saith the Holy Book: "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Blessed indeed will be all the nations of the earth if through Abraham's seed the world obtains peace—with honour.

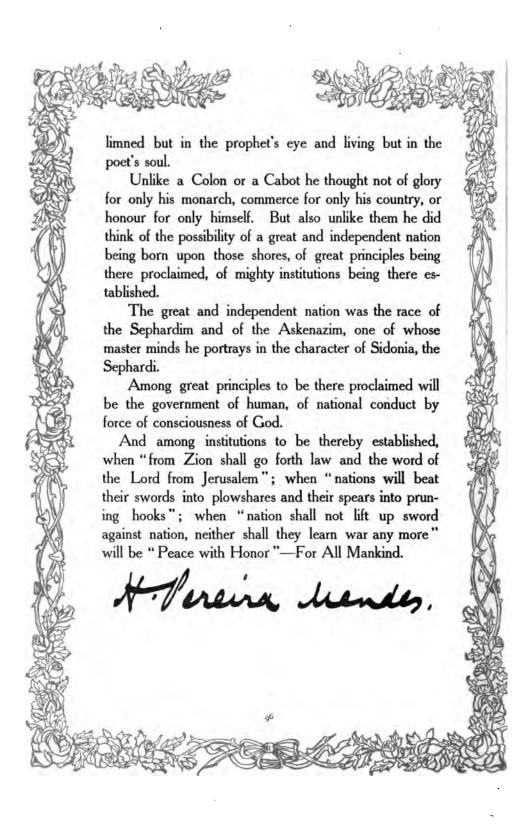
Beaconsfield knew of this promise divine to his fathers. "And the glory of the Lord will be thus revealed, and all flesh shall see it together." Beaconsfield knew of this rainbow of hope in the tears of history.

What a wonderful career for one man, what great accomplishments for one man to achieve, what miracles for one man to make possible!

A greater architect than Wren, he built a vast and beautiful structure, the British Empire, when he sent Edward to India and crowned Victoria Empress.

He helped to lay the foundations of a cathedral whose transepts and choirs shall resound and wake the echoes of all earth with Saxondom's hymn of human progress—Saxondom, that guaranty of peace for the world. And he helped to found another infinitely grander, infinitely more beautiful temple which one day shall span the world—the temple of the Kingdom of Heaven—when at Berlin he set that glorious example of arbitration for nations' differences or peace with honour for all nations. But he crossed the sea of time and, in his imagination, trod on shores of a land hitherto









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